

Ly blisring fore the visitating Sunne,  
And were good Kings, when living.

*Thes.* It is true, and I will give you comfort,  
To give your dead Lords graves:

The which to doe, must make some worke with *Creon*;

1. *Qu.* And that worke presents it selfe to th doing:

Now twill take forme, the heates are gone to morrow,

Then, booteles toyle must recompence it selfe,

With it's owne sweat; Now he's secure,

Not dreames, we stand before your puissance

Wrining our holy begging in our eyes

To make petition cleere.

2. *Qu.* Now you may take him,  
Drunke with his victory.

3. *Qu.* And his Army full  
Of Bread, and sloth.

*Thes.* *Artesius* that best knowest  
How to draw out fit to this enterprife,  
The prim't for this proceeding, and the number  
To carry such a businesse, forth and levy  
Our worthiest Instruments, whilst we despatch  
This grand act of our life, this daring deede  
Of Fate in wedlocke.

1. *Qu.* Dowagers, take hands  
Let us be Widdowes to our woes, delay  
Commends us to a famishing hope.

*All.* Farewell.

2. *Qu.* We come unseasonably: But when could greeke  
Cull forth as unpanged judgement can, fit't time  
For best solicitation.

*Thes.* Why good Ladies,  
This is a service, whereto I am going,  
Greater then any was; it more imports me  
Then all the actions that I have foregone,  
Or futurely can cope.

1. *Qu.* The more proclaiming  
Our suit shall be neglected, when her Armes  
Able to locke *Love* from a Synod, shall

By

By warranting Moone-light corslet thee, oh when  
Her twynning Cherries shall their sweetnes fall  
Vpon thy tastefull lips, what wilt thou thinke  
Of rotten Kings or blubberd Queenes, what care  
For what thou feelst not? what thou feelst being able  
To make *Mars* spurne his Drom. O if thou couch  
But one night with her, every howre in't will  
Take hostage of thee for a hundred, and  
Thou shalt remember nothing more, then what  
That Banket bids thee too.

*Hip.* Though much unlike  
You should be so transported, as much sorry  
I should be such a Suitour; yet I thinke  
Did I not by th' abstayning of my joy  
Which breeds a deeper longing, cure their surfeit  
That craves a present medicine, I should plucke  
All Ladies scandall on me. Therefore Sir  
As I shall here make tryall of my prayres,  
Either presuming them to have some force,  
Or sentencing for ay their vigour dombe,  
Prorogue this busines, we are going about, and hang  
Your Sheild afore your Heart, about that necke  
Which is my flee, and which I freely lend  
To doe these poore Queenes service.

*All Queens.* Oh helpe now  
Our Cause cries for your knee.

*Emil.* If you grant not  
My Sister her petition in that force,  
With that Celerity, and nature which  
Shee makes it in: from henceforth ile not dare  
To aske you any thing, nor be so hardy  
Ever to take a Husband.

*Thes.* Pray stand up.  
I am entreating of my selfe to doe  
That which you k neele to have me; *Pyrrithous*  
Leade on the Bride; get you and pray the Gods  
For successe, and returne, omit not any thing  
In the pretended Celebration: Queenes

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